

# The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

BENJAMIN S. JONES, EDITOR.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

ANN PEARSON, PUBLISHING AGENT.

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## THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, AT SALEM, OHIO, BY THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE WESTERN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

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from the Washington Republic.

### WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE?

There are some men in the Republican ranks who hold that it is the right and duty of the State to interfere and prevent the execution of the fugitive slave act, by the courts of the United States. Our readers are aware that the refusal of the Supreme Court of Ohio, in a recent application for that purpose, to set at liberty certain prisoners who were undergoing the sentence of the United States District Court, on a conviction for forcibly resisting the execution of that act, has been recently assailed by certain politicians of that State, some of whom go so far as to declare that they "do not recognize as Republicans" men who will sustain that decision.

It would seem that these men are determined to make a direct issue with their brethren on this point. Well, if it is an issue that must be met, it behooves us to look at both sides of it. It behooves us to look at both sides of it. It behooves us to look at both sides of it.

It is the opinion of the judges, in the Ohio habeas corpus case, we have the two conflicting doctrines clearly laid down. The court consisted of five judges, all Republicans. Three of the five held that they had no right to interfere, and arrest the execution of the sentence of the Federal court, on the ground that the act under which the prisoners were convicted was unconstitutional, especially after it had been decided to be constitutional by the Supreme Court of the United States—whether their private opinions on that subject might be.

The other two judges held, not only that the fugitive act of 1850 is unconstitutional, but that Congress has no constitutional power to pass any act whatever for the surrender of fugitive slaves. They held, also, that the State courts have a right to interfere and prevent the execution of any act of Congress which they may deem unconstitutional, and that it was their duty to interfere and prevent the execution of the act under consideration.

Those who would read out of the Republican party all who sustain the decision of the majority of the court, accept the dissenting opinion of the minority, as laying down the orthodox Republican doctrine. This doctrine will be found very easily stated in the dissenting opinion of Judge Brainerd, which we printed in our paper on the 18th June.

Now Judge Brainerd asserts that fugitive slaves ought not to be surrendered, on claim, under any circumstances. By no means. He acknowledges the constitutional right of the owner to recover his fugitive slave, and the constitutional obligation and duty to deliver him up, on claim, as distinctly as the majority of the judges do. But he thinks the States are bound to pass laws to carry into effect that provision of the Constitution which declares that "fugitives from service or labor shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor shall be due," and that Congress has no right to legislate on the subject. The following is the concluding paragraph of his opinion on this point:

"I conclude, therefore, that the States are bound, in fulfillment of their pledged faith, and through the medium of their laws, legislation and functionaries, to deliver up the fugitive from service or labor, on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due under the laws of another State from which the fugitive has fled. But the Federal Government has nothing to do with the subject, and its interference is sheer usurpation of a power not granted, but reserved."

Now we respectfully ask those who are conscientiously opposed to the surrender of a fugitive slave, under any circumstances, what they expect to accomplish by adopting this doctrine? The fugitive is to be surrendered, at all events. Congress says so, and the Supreme Court of the United States says so. He must be delivered up in accordance with a law of the United States, to be enforced in the Federal courts, and executed by Federal officers. But Judge Brainerd says, he must be delivered up in pursuance of laws which "the States are bound to pass for the purpose of their pledged faith," to pass for the purpose. Where is the difference, so far as the interests of the fugitive are concerned? Of course, those who hold, with Judge Brainerd, that the States are bound by their pledged faith to pass laws providing for the delivering up of fugitive slaves, would have those laws executed when passed.

The question, then, upon which certain men would divide the Republican party, is not whether fugitive slaves are to be delivered up to their masters, but how are they to be delivered up?

We admit that there is much force in the argument by which it is attempted to prove that the true construction of that clause of the Constitution relating to the surrender of fugitive slave imposes upon the State, rather than Congress, the obligation to pass laws to carry it into execution. Mr. Webster held that such a construction ought originally to have been given to this clause of the Constitution, and that the South had just cause to complain that it had not been given. It is, however, a question upon which much may be said on both sides, and inasmuch as Congress has exercised the power of legislation on the subject for two-thirds of a century, with the express sanction of the Supreme Court of the United States, as well as of the Supreme Courts of numerous individual States, and without the dissent of any, we agree with Mr. Webster, and the Ohio court, that this long unbroken line of precedents ought to settle a question of construction, which, in the beginning, was a doubtful one. We certainly think the free States have no cause to complain that such a construction has been given, in preference to that now contended for by the minority of the Ohio court.

If fugitive slaves are to be hunted down and recaptured on the soil of the free States, we prefer that the General Government shall pass the laws under which it is to be done, and execute them, too; and that the State Governments shall not be required to perform so odious a service. The prevailing construction permits the State Governments to remain entirely passive in the business of slave hunting and slave catching. Judge Brainerd's construction would compel them to become active agents in the business. And this is the sum and substance of the difference between the conflicting doctrines, upon which a few rash men are endeavoring to get up a schism in the Republican party.

Those who are conscientiously opposed to the surrender of fugitive slaves, by any process, are invited to notify not only the fugitive slave act of 1850, but any fugitive slave act that Congress may pass. They are invited to do this, however, not for the purpose of putting an end to slave-hunting in the free States, but that the State Governments may take upon themselves the delightful task of prosecuting the business. Do they see anything in this new doctrine that they are invited to embrace, which will induce them to make its acceptance a *non possumus* of political fellowship? Being conscientious men, they will of course not be in good faith in the matter, and not notify the State Governments, under pretense that the States are bound by their pledged faith to pass laws securing the same object, and then turn round and refuse to pass such laws, or to execute them when passed.

Where, then, was this awful deed perpetrated? It was in that section of the Union where alone horrors like this are possible—it was in a region where people of the north are always accused of fanaticism, abolitionism, and every other freak of human frenzy possible to minds at sea on any subject; where the press and the politicians are forever gibbering about the constitution and the laws, and obedience to lawful authority, and trying to convey the impression that while they are the special friends of law and order, we are anarchists, rebels, outlaws, and the like. It was—where else could it have been—in the star-bellied section of the confederacy.

Were this an isolated case we should hesitate to refer to it in these terms, for the south is full of noble and generous people, and has high qualities which command our respect and esteem, and we should make due allowance for the occurrence. But it has become so common to the south as to take its position among the permanent customs and recognized habits of the southern people, and unless they can free themselves of it, they must take the consequences. Within the last ten years very many cases like this have been chronicled in the newspapers of the south, to which alone we are indebted for the information in every case. The accounts are usually made up, too, by editors so lost to all sense of right and propriety as to defend or apologize for the infamous deed, and hold it up to the indignation of the neighborhood as a warning. Why so? Does the reader ask. The reason is plain. It is a warning that it will be repeated on other offenders.

The awful object is to apud the negroes, and deter them from the commission of similar crimes; but like all severe punishments, this utterly fails of its object, as is clear from the frequent happening of these mob executions. They do not prevent the recurrence of the crime so punished; and hence, knowing this, those who go on repeating the punishment in defiance of law, do so merely to gratify their revenge and gratify base passions. And what crime is it that causes men at the south to get so completely beside themselves? Sometimes it is murder, sometimes rebellion; sometimes rape. There are laws for the punishment of all these crimes, and there need be no fear of the negro escaping, if public sentiment is so unanimously against him. His death being needful, the law is sufficient for that. But it seems that death is not sufficient. It must be death by torture, with a miserable wretch burning slowly, yelling in agony as the flames curl about his naked limbs. Perhaps the same principle which justified this brutal torture, justifies the burning of the negro, and the pouring of molten lead down the throat and some other of the great inventions of the Inquisition. And as the usual justification given is, that it would not be so were it not for the interference of the abolitionists, and as that interference unfortunately increases a hundred fold with these outrages, who can say that a few years shall not see all the horrors of the Inquisition established at the south?—*Philo. N. American.*

## TWO NEGROES HUNG AND ANOTHER BURNED AT THE STAKE.

MANCHESTER, N.H., July 20, 1859.

Some time ago, you will recollect, a negro murdered a gentleman named Hinton, near Waverly, in this county. He was caught after a long search and put in jail. Yesterday he was tried at this place and convicted of the crime, and sentenced to be hung. While the Sheriff was conveying him to prison he was set upon by the crowd, and taken from that officer. The mob then proceeded to the jail and took from thence two other negroes. One of them had attempted the life of a citizen of this place, and the other had just committed an outrage upon a white girl. After the mob got the negroes together, they proceeded to the outskirts of the town, and selecting a proper place, skinned the negro who killed Hinton to a stake, got a quantity of dry wood, piled it around him, and set it on fire. Then commenced a scene which for sickening horrors has never been witnessed before in this, or perhaps any other place.

The negro was stripped to his waist, and hanged. He looked the picture of despair—but there was no sympathy felt for him at the moment. Presently the fire began to surge up in flames around him, and his efforts were soon made visible in the futile attempts of the poor wretch to move his feet. As the flames gathered around his limbs and body, he commenced the most frantic shrieks and appeals for mercy—for death—for water! He raised his chains; they were hot, and burnt the flesh off his hands. He would drop them and dash off his hands again. Then he would repeat his cries, but all to no purpose. In a few moments he was a charred mass—bones and flesh alike burnt into a powder. Many, many of the spectators, who did not realize the full horror of the scene until it was too late to change it, retired disgusted and sick at the sight. May Marshall never witness such another spectacle.

The ends of justice are surely as fully accomplished by the ordinary process of law as by the violence of an excited populace. If the horrors of the day had ended here it would have been justly, but the other negroes were taken and hung—justly, perhaps—but in violation of law and good order. They exhibited no remorse.

—*St. Louis Democrat.*

## BURNING AT THE STAKE.

Our telegraphic dispatches have again conveyed to the reader information that a human being had been burnt to death at the stake. Where did this occur? In New England? Did any one ever hear of their doing such things in the land of the free? Perhaps it may have been in the Middle States? What? Would the land of William Penn, or Calvert, or Carteret, or the descendants of those who have been repeatedly and persistently denounced by the good faith in this respect are rebuked and silenced by the first provision of the treaty.

But when we come to the other provisions of the treaty of peace, their satisfactory character is less general. The letter of Louis Napoleon in relation to the liberation of Italy is apparently violated. We use the word "apparently" because in our judgment very much depends in this relation upon the exact meaning to be given to the expression "honorary Presidency" of the Pope. The Pope is to be retained by Austria, but only with a qualified possession, it having a place in the Italian Confederation. Napoleon III. redeems his pledge given to European powers that France would acquire no territory by the war. As a compliment to the real victor, and as the coarsest humiliation to the vanquished, Lombardy is assigned to France, and Sardinia receives it from her and not from Austria. So that Napoleon's promise is fulfilled, and as far as possible the feelings of France are spared. Those who have repeatedly and persistently doubted Napoleon's good faith in this respect are rebuked and silenced by the first provision of the treaty.

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# THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

[The following is a more detailed account of the Chicago kidnapping case than that we gave last week.]

## THREE FUGITIVE SLAVES KIDNAPPED

When our paper went to press on Thursday evening, we referred, in a brief article, to an excitement prevailing among our colored citizens relative to a rumored recent rendition of three fugitive slaves, from the State of Missouri, into the custody of their masters. It was first promulgated on Tuesday evening among the colored residents, accompanied by the exciting hint that a young colored man named William Turner, a resident of this city, had been the tool and decoy of the capture, and the cause of their return to servitude.

Turner was immediately advised of his danger by some of his personal friends. He had been drinking at a saloon on South Clark street, and was in a most pot-tainted mood, but, fortunately for himself, however, did not hold out against the solicitations of his friends, one of them a colored man named Perkins, who finally persuaded him that the lock-up would be his safest lodging for the night, and accordingly, as we stated in our last issue, Turner was put into the cells by the City Marshal for the safe keeping which came upon him too soon for him.

The colored men, disappointed in not finding Turner, seized upon Perkins, whose interference limited them of their revenge, and he was roughly handled, though not as severely as was rumored yesterday, for it was among the rumors of the street that he had been taken to the lake shore, where he received three hundred lashes. It is said that both Perkins and Turner have deserved the reprobation of their brethren by a twofold in treachery to their color.

Among the later events of that evening and yesterday morning were the startling developments that the white kidnappers in whose party Turner had been, were actually detectives from this city, in whom the probable trait had gained such access of development that they had turned from common criminal cases to a general willingness to catch anything and everything for pay.

These men are Charles Noyes, formerly in the city employ, and later of the late firm of C. P. Bradley & Co., and Charles W. Smith, a detective under the Kentworth and, we think, a former administration. They were aided by this colored man Turner, and a white boy, acting in the capacity of a hired ferret, named Charles Gorman, belonging, it is said, to St. Louis, and known as "Sandy."

It would appear that some three weeks since, three articles of personal property belonging to Capt. Frost of St. Louis committed a larceny, each of himself, his body, and transferred that article, belonging to Capt. Frost, to this city, in short, ran away, under their ignorant interpretation of that "glittering generality" that "all men are created free."

They came to this city. Their names were Washington Anderson, James Anderson, his brother, and Henry Scott, their cousin. The latter has a brother in this city, and the three fugitives settled down here to reside. A reward of \$2,500 was offered by Capt. Frost for the recovery of his property, his lively chattels. The reward was tempting, and met and overcame the eyes and scruples of the detectives, and they, having ascertained the whereabouts of the negroes, laid their plans.

Turner was then in the employ of Charles Noyes, and took care of his rooms, and the boy Gorman, who knew the fugitives by sight, was sent up from St. Louis. Through Turner, Noyes and Smith found access to the Andersons and Scott, and began their overtures. Sagacious detectives both, their plans were skillfully laid. Noyes was about to retire from city life; he was going to the country; he was in love with the field; had bought a farm in the western part of the State, and these "boys" were just the men to whom he would intrust his culture. He was liberal in his offers of wages, and Smith was eloquent in expatiating on the charms of the life they would enjoy with Mr. Noyes.

To make the thing work more smoothly (and there is a skill in this that leads us to admire Mr. Noyes) the colored men were taken the rounds of our agricultural stores. They were flattered in being consulted freely upon tool, seeds, &c., each was allowed to select his own implements, and they went in with a will and adjusted to their taste and their brawny arms, forgetting they were the property of Capt. Frost, sundry boxes and rakes, and axes, and scythes, and grew vastly delighted at the confidence reposed in their generous employer. We would not have given much for the safety of these latter followers of the Apostle to the Gentiles through these modern *Quakers*, while with scythes and axes in hand, they suddenly read the beneficent intentions of Messrs. Noyes and Smith. But the plan was too well conceived, and, laden with farm implements and garden seeds, with the sweet pastorals of Charles Smith still ringing in their ears, the three colored men followed Noyes to his room, where Turner made them happy with congratulations and merry with a feast, in fact quite transporting them, the while Smith and Noyes were busy at a transportation which should prove much more substantial in its realized effect.

An entire second-class car was chartered on the Illinois Central Railroad through to St. Louis for \$150. The purchases were made on Friday of last week, and that night the kidnappers took their victims on board the cars and went southward to complete their contract with Capt. Frost. So well had the thing been executed that but for the tell-tale telegraph nothing would have interfered, as it was, it came too late for the desired fugitives.

A private dispatch was received here on Monday last, that three fugitive slaves from Chicago had been landed on Bloody Island, opposite St. Louis. The intelligence caused inquiry to be instituted, and the friends here of these fugitives who had missed them, fished into excitement.

A woman of color, a passenger over the St. Louis and Chicago road yesterday, puts the truth to the story by the statement that the men, Anderson and Scott, who were well known to her, were landed on Bloody Island on Monday, and that they were then cruelly whipped. We suppose that Noyes and Smith would not have hesitated to interfere with the "out" themselves, and show in the fogging of the negroes for Capt. Frost as a bonus.

On Tuesday, Noyes and Smith returned to this city, and almost immediately the former was in the street offering for sale a draft on St. Louis for \$2,300, the price of blood, of course. It was offered to Messrs. Forrest, bankers, who, however, did not want St. Louis exchange. At the corner of Moore, Madison, Noyes obtained his money, thus paying on record with them what some of our detectives as sharp as Noyes, but

just then on another lead, not long thereafter had spotted and made into "evidence."

The excitement in our community yesterday morning was intense. At angrily how the negro, Turner, had been discharged from voluntary incarceration, and not long thereafter it was evident that indignation had grown over night. Such were some of the demonstrations threatened that, yesterday forenoon, about the same time that warrants were sworn out against Noyes, Smith, Turner and the boy Gorman, the colored man was taken into custody by Deputy Sheriff Anderson, and, as a precautionary measure for himself, locked up, though almost immediately detained to answer the ends of justice.

Smith and Gorman were also arrested, while Noyes, who had been seen about town, and indeed had conferred with some of the leading citizens as late as 10 a. m., was unfortunately and shamefully allowed to elude capture, carrying with him the \$2,300. We believe officers are on his track, however, that that entire sum will not buy off from taking him if possible. The parties arrested were brought before Judge Milliken yesterday morning, and re-committed for examination yesterday afternoon at 4 o'clock.

At that hour there was a large attendance of citizens, both colored and white, many of the latter indeed hanging about the Court-House throughout the day. The police court-room in the third story was fully packed at the hour named, and the most intense feeling manifested when the negro Turner was brought in. There is no question what would have been the result had his case been brought for the change of venue they court, before the people of his own color, especially the brother of the betrayed Scott, who, without paying the least regard to the Constitution of the United States and the laws of property, manifested, not loudly but deeply, emotions very becoming in chattels or those subject to become such.

District-Attorney Haven, assisted by John C. Miller, Esq., appeared for the people, the prisoners were not represented by counsel, nor did they express their desire for any. Smith managing his own case. Mr. Haven reminded his honor, Justice Milliken, that by the statute, if convicted, the defendants were subject to a penalty of imprisonment in the penitentiary for from one to seven years in each case of a person kidnapped, and that as three men had been, as was alleged, kidnapped by these men, aided by another still at large, he should, in view of the importance of the case, ask a continuance, and in the meantime that heavy bail might be fixed in each case.

After some discussion, Smith waived an examination, and subsequently gave bail, in \$2,000 to appear at the August term of the Recorder's Court. The others, Turner and the boy Gorman, were committed in default of \$1,000 bail each.

The most active exertions are being made by detectives Pickerton, Bradley, and other officers, with what we believe and trust is a full intent and desire to capture the fugitive Noyes, for whose capture, if necessary, a much larger reward could be offered than the paltry sum that made him a negro-hunter. This affair has justly made a most profound sensation here, perhaps more so than any like event for years past, and yet there appears to be no desire other than that the law should take its course.

These men and their companion, if taken, should suffer the law's extreme penalty, if convicted. There was a rumor of a large gathering of colored citizens last evening on the corner of Beale and Jackson streets; there was an assembly of perhaps a hundred and fifty at the Methodist Chapel there situated, but it was a quiet and orderly gathering, with closed doors to the general public, and, we learn, characterized by a moderation and tone of sentiment, expressed not at all at variance with the character borne by our colored residents as quiet, peace-loving men, despite their small present provocation.

LATER.—We learn that about 10 o'clock last evening another party implicated in the kidnapping was arrested. The person is ex-policeman Dewey, formerly in the employ of the railroad companies at the Illinois Central Depot, who has just returned to this city from a trip to Pike's Peak. It is charged that he was one of the assistants of Noyes and Smith in the car that conveyed the party to St. Louis.

## WHAT WILL THE BORDER DO?

That so much of the M. E. Church as is located in slave-holding territory is irretrievably committed to slavery, we never have doubted. From the first, all indications from that quarter have pointed to one result, and but one, whenever the anti-slavery sentiment of our connection should so far advance as to make non-slaveholding a test of membership. Secession is the watchword from little Delaware to broad Missouri, unless the Discipline shall remain as it is, and the same practical misapplication of it shall continue. The Border, or has the merit of explicitness upon this point.—We are assured by Dr. Bond, that the Border, though intensely anti-slavery, would never consent to part with the inextinguishable practice of slaveholding, and that to enact a prohibitory law would necessitate a "masterly inactivity" in its execution, or an open secession. Nothing has occurred since his death to change the aspect of things in that region. It may safely be concluded that reform will cause a separation of the Border—that lovely section having a stronger bias to slaveholding than to Methodism. The question is openly discussed in their public prints, and apparently without a dissenting voice. The following, which we take from a late number of the Baltimore Christian Advocate, is a fair expression of sentiment in that region.

"On the supposition that this [an utterly prohibitory rule] will be the case, what should be the course of the 'Border'? This is a momentous question, and ought to be well considered before any conclusion is adopted. According to my humble judgment there are but three courses of action before us out of which to choose. We might continue our present relation to the Methodist Episcopal Church, and satisfy practically the new rule. This would be the only course we could pursue, if we should remain in connection with the Methodist Episcopal Church, for it would be simply impossible to enforce such a rule in our territory. But in my judgment adherence to the Methodist Episcopal Church with such a rule would be utter ruin to our cause in the slave territory. This course, then, is out of the question.

"Another course open to us is to go 'South'. This in some respects is preferable to the former; but there are perhaps insuperable difficulties in the way. The two parties along the immediate Border could never be made to harmonize and unite as one Church. Besides, the ultra pro-slavery position of the Church, South, is an essential barrier to such a union. We cannot consent to abandon our old anti-slavery platform for the pro-slavery platform of the South. We believe it to be the old platform of the fathers and of the Bible, and cannot abandon it for the wild vagaries of either abolitionism or pro-slavery. It only remains for us then to assume an independent position, and standing by the Discipline as it is, to which we have pledged ourselves again and again, maintain and preserve our old-fashioned conservative Methodism, equally removed from the fanatical extremes of both North and South. Such a course, it is admitted, will not be entirely without difficulties, but it will have less than either of the others, and besides is the only one we can pursue with safety to the cause of Christ. It should not be decided by the minority alone; the laity should also be called upon for their counsel and aid in this important juncture. Hence a convention should be called, composed of ministers and laymen, to decide upon the course to be pursued."

free colored people of Louisiana, and especially of New Orleans—the "colored people," as they style themselves—are a sober, industrious and moral class, far advanced in education and civilization. From that class came the battalion of colored men who fought for the country under Gen. Jackson in 1814-15, and whose remnants, veterans whose age has withered, are taken by the hand on the anniversary of the glorious Eighth of January, by their white brethren-in-arms and proudly march with them under the same flag."

## KANSAS CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION

North or South, East or West, Democracy just now is bound up in the African. Their orators, their organs, and their Statesmen, discourse little else. Sambo is omnipresent and omnipotent in the party. He is the Alpha and the Omega of the Democratic organization.

In the Kansas Convention, the Democrats lose no opportunity to bring forward the colored individual. They are in a pitiful minority, but what they lack in numbers they make up in "bigger." The Republican majority are disposed to go right along and get up a sound Republican Constitution for all the people of the State, but the Democrats occupy themselves with framing and offering amendments extending political rights to negroes and mulattoes, and then voting against their own motions. They even attempted to amend by inserting sections recognizing the Fugitive Slave Law and the Dred Scott decision, but could bring only their weak party strength to the support of such monstrously in a State Constitution.

On the section prohibiting slavery or involuntary servitude in the State, the Republicans brought the Democrats to face the music, and the vote stood 48 to 1. Buchanan and his Administration, after all their efforts to get Kansas into the Union as a Slave State, must feel rebuked by that almost unanimous vote of the representatives of the people of Kansas to prohibit slavery forever. It is a glorious finale of an oppressive, bloody, and protracted war by Democracy on freedom in Kansas.

In the bill of rights as adopted by the Convention, the elective franchise is limited by the "white." No soldier or seaman in the U. S. service is allowed to vote, so that Uncle Sam can no longer use his men to control the elections in the new State. Persons of foreign birth, who have declared their intention to become citizens of the United States, are allowed to vote—a six months residence in Kansas being required of all parties, and ten days in the county. The annual State elections are to be held on the Tuesday after the first Monday in November.—*Cleveland Leader*.

## THE CHURCH AND SLAVERY.

(Extract from a speech by Dr. A. H. Hart, in Brooklyn, N. Y.) But, meanwhile, where is the Church of this nation? Where are the descendants of the men who preferred exile to tyranny—who braved storms and cruel privations for freedom to worship God, and who made the slaves of the dim wood ring to the anthems of the free? Where are the disciples of Christ? Where are the followers of Him, who, though he was rich, for our sakes became poor, that we, through his poverty, might be rich? Of Him who, though he was God, and thought it no robbery to be equal with God, yet made himself of no reputation, and took upon himself the form of a servant, and became obedient unto death, even unto the death of the cross, that he might deliver us, who, otherwise, through fear of death, would all our lifetimes have been subject to bondage—of Him whose appearance as the Babe of Bethlehem was celebrated by the angelic song, "Peace on earth and good will to men," and who in His first sermon announced it as His mission to "proclaim liberty to the captive, and the opening of the prison doors to them that are bound."

—Of Him who went about continually doing good, opening the eyes of the blind, unstopping the ears of the deaf, curing all manner of diseases among the people, restoring the dead to the arms of widowed mothers and bereaved parents and sisters, and who left it as his dying injunction to his disciples that they should love one another even as He had loved them? Surely their hearts are burning under the consciousness of this sin! Surely they are weeping between the porch and the altar! Surely they pray day and night unto God, and pray unceasingly, that the captive may be freed, and that this terrible reproach may be wiped out from the land! Surely the pulpit is flashing—the lightning of God's word is flashing—the Church, terrible as an army with banners, is fighting against the foe! Alas! However natural the expectation, it is doomed to disappointment. O deep, delusive diabolism! O burning shame! Here the Church *sheds* and *protects* the sin! Here and there, indeed, in some of its branches, it makes, occasionally, a faint appearance of opposition, gets up a discussion, passes a few feeble resolutions as a quietus to conscience, and flies them away for future reference, and as a standing evidence of its fidelity on this subject. Meanwhile the pulpit is padlocked—the ministry is dumb—the slave and his wrongs are excluded from the sympathies and prayers of the people—all political sentiment is regarded as a violation of wisdom—and there are few, indeed, apparently, who earnestly desire or are prepared to do anything for the immediate and utter extinction of slavery. The Church is intent upon the grand scheme of benevolence—overthrowing idolatry in the East—siding war churches in the West—giving the Bible to Turkey, to Africa, to the Islands of the Sea, but absorbed in these vast designs, it overlooks the slight discrepancy that it systematically holds that same Bible from four millions of native-born Americans, and sustains, by its silence and sanction, a system of diabolical processes and tortures, which nothing but the interposition of Infinite Wisdom and Mercy could prevent from effecting their eternal destruction.

## THE HARMONIOUS DEMOCRACY—BLOOD-SHED AT CHARLESTON PREDICTED.

The New York correspondent of the Buffalo Express, the leading Douglas organ of Western New York, after stating the grounds for his apprehensions, thus indicates what he thinks will be the result of the Charleston Convention:

"Now, how can Douglas men go to a city, when, in advance, public sentiment has been so unconsciously expressed towards their chief? Calling the Convention at Charleston was a 'trap' to catch a 'heretic,' but the heretic won't be caught, won't be even directly civil. If the Convention meet in Charleston and its members express Douglas sentiments they will be isolated, shot down and overawed. I do not think that the lives of Douglas men here would be safe, not on account of yellow fever, but on account of a mad, excited population. The Mercury on the assembling of the Convention would stigmatize the Douglas delegates as Abolitionists. This would be enough to draw down upon such men the vengeance of the mob, and all men who voted for Douglas or talked Douglas would be murdered, and this is the more probable as there is no law in South Carolina to punish the murderers of Abolitionists."

free colored people of Louisiana, and especially of New Orleans—the "colored people," as they style themselves—are a sober, industrious and moral class, far advanced in education and civilization. From that class came the battalion of colored men who fought for the country under Gen. Jackson in 1814-15, and whose remnants, veterans whose age has withered, are taken by the hand on the anniversary of the glorious Eighth of January, by their white brethren-in-arms and proudly march with them under the same flag."

## A LETTER FROM PARKER PILLSBURY.

Mr. Editor: In your account of my meeting in this place last week, you intimate that I said "no law of the United States was violated by the act of Captain Bacon, in the returning of Columbus Jones to bondage." My idea was, though perhaps not well expressed, that not only was the constitution (not the laws) of the United States not violated in the fact, but the spirit or it was strictly kept. So would have said the framers of the instrument themselves; so, surely, would have said President George Washington, who signed the first fugitive slave act, and hunted his own escaped fugitive slave under it, before the nation, before all nations, and before God, all the way to the black hills of New Hampshire, so said Congress and Attorney-General Crittenden when enacting the more monstrous fugitive slave law of 1850, signed by Millard Fillmore as President of the United States; so have said nearly all the Judges of the Supreme Court, from the Jays and Marshalls down to the bottomless pit law and logic of Judge Tany himself.

The inexperienced Captain Bacon only acted a little in advance of the constitution and law—the constitution and law of the whole country, Republicanism with the rest; for it does not appear that one party, more than another, proposed to refuse the rights of the slaveholder to his victim, or to allow him to hunt them from Mexico to Madawaska. Republicanism does not yet even propose to amend, much less to repeal, the atrocious act of 1850, not to speak of General Washington's law of 1793, whose constitutionality has not been questioned.

The truth is, our government is one grand conspiracy against liberty and humanity—a wholesale system of land-piracy, under which a great nation volunteers to hold unknown myriads of immortal beings in endless bondage,—to kill them should they resist, to return them should they run, and small difference to them can it make whether a Northern or Southern man command in so diabolical an enterprise.

James K. Polk or Franklin Pierce, James Buchanan or John C. Fremont, it must be all the same to over four millions of slaves. Each must swear to support the same constitution; and as to slavery versus it, none of those named ever expressed difference of opinion about the obligations of the whole country to protect it, and John P. Hale went so far as to declare it as his opinion that slavery would be even more secure under Mr. Fremont than under Mr. Buchanan. Perhaps had he been elected President, he might have made it immortal. He certainly would have made himself immortal in the doing so.

I am glad to see your gallant little Messenger so true to justice and liberty. It deserves what indeed I dare hardly promise it, a circulation as wide, at least, as the commerce of Cape Cod with the South. I trust you have nailed your colors to the mast. If firm and true to justice and liberty, should you go down, you do but "sink in another sea." No true word can be lost, either in the ocean or the ages.

Hyannis, July 5, 1859.

PARKER PILLSBURY.

## C. M. CLAY AT COVINGTON.

Cassius M. Clay recently delivered an address at Covington, Ky., from which we extract the following history of American Compromise, beginning with the first great blunder in the Constitution, and going down to the infamous measures of 1850.

With a Compromising Constitution, what better could be expected? The seed was planted in 1779, and every year since we have reaped a harvest like unto it.

## LIBERTY AND DEATH.

After alluding to the right of every citizen of Kentucky—a State professedly free, and republishing in its institutions, to express frankly his political sentiments, no man, the speaker remarked, could fail to see that there was now a crisis in the history of our Republic, which called upon the patriotism and statesmanship—however humble—of every man who loved his country. The great Napoleon had well said that Europe must ultimately be either all Republican or all Cossack. There was an endless conflict between the principles of Republicanism and of Despotism: one could not exist in Europe beside the other. Freedom was an Elysium upon which the subject of a despotism could not look, without asking to be free themselves; and the rise and fall of Napoleon afforded apt illustrations of the truth of his own saying. Human nature was the same here as in Europe; and though we called ourselves Republican, the love of power was as strong here as there, and the same eternal conflict of opinions was going on. Nothing of the slightest value—not even one of our growing crops—could be preserved but by our own exertions, and how could we expect our liberty—pronounced by all philosophers, statesmen and jurists the most priceless of possessions—to be maintained without eternal vigilance?

## AGGRESSIONS OF SLAVERY.

When the Federal Constitution was made, Slavery was in conflict with the principles of Liberty and Progress. It stood in the very Convention which framed it, in the persons of the representatives from Georgia and South Carolina, and there, as always, elicited to us. It said to our fathers who had sent forth the Declaration of Independence: "If you do not make a Constitution recognizing Slavery, and permitting the importation of slaves for twenty years, all your labors for liberty and a formation of a Union, shall be undone, and you shall be driven back perhaps to another conflict with Great Britain." Under the fear of this dread alternative the point had been yielded, and

tionists. This would be enough to draw down upon such men the vengeance of the mob, and all men who voted for Douglas or talked Douglas would be murdered, and this is the more probable as there is no law in South Carolina to punish the murderers of Abolitionists."

If Douglas delegates go to the Convention at Charleston, their friends must go with them for protection to the extent of 10,000 Douglas men, armed and ready to resist the assaults of a Charleston mob, excited to their deadly work by such papers as the *Mercury* and *News*, located in Charleston, and such speakers as Bonham and Rhet, who would look upon the killing of forty or fifty Douglas men with as much composure, and feel as little remorse about the matter as if forty or fifty mad dogs were shot. If such language is used ten months before the Convention meets, I ask you what show Douglas men will have when the Convention meets? It will be overawed. Douglas men will be shot down in the streets, and anything will be done to cow his friends, rob him of the nomination, and give it to some Southern Fire Eater, and when this is accomplished, then these mad men south will laugh and chuckle over their victory."

From the Atlantic Messenger.

## A LETTER FROM PARKER PILLSBURY.

Mr. Editor: In your account of my meeting in this place last week, you intimate that I said "no law of the United States was violated by the act of Captain Bacon, in the returning of Columbus Jones to bondage." My idea was, though perhaps not well expressed, that not only was the constitution (not the laws) of the United States not violated in the fact, but the spirit or it was strictly kept. So would have said the framers of the instrument themselves; so, surely, would have said President George Washington, who signed the first fugitive slave act, and hunted his own escaped fugitive slave under it, before the nation, before all nations, and before God, all the way to the black hills of New Hampshire, so said Congress and Attorney-General Crittenden when enacting the more monstrous fugitive slave law of 1850, signed by Millard Fillmore as President of the United States; so have said nearly all the Judges of the Supreme Court, from the Jays and Marshalls down to the bottomless pit law and logic of Judge Tany himself.

The inexperienced Captain Bacon only acted a little in advance of the constitution and law—the constitution and law of the whole country, Republicanism with the rest; for it does not appear that one party, more than another, proposed to refuse the rights of the slaveholder to his victim, or to allow him to hunt them from Mexico to Madawaska. Republicanism does not yet even propose to amend, much less to repeal, the atrocious act of 1850, not to speak of General Washington's law of 1793, whose constitutionality has not been questioned.

The truth is, our government is one grand conspiracy against liberty and humanity—a wholesale system of land-piracy, under which a great nation volunteers to hold unknown myriads of immortal beings in endless bondage,—to kill them should they resist, to return them should they run, and small difference to them can it make whether a Northern or Southern man command in so diabolical an enterprise.

James K. Polk or Franklin Pierce, James Buchanan or John C. Fremont, it must be all the same to over four millions of slaves. Each must swear to support the same constitution; and as to slavery versus it, none of those named ever expressed difference of opinion about the obligations of the whole country to protect it, and John P. Hale went so far as to declare it as his opinion that slavery would be even more secure under Mr. Fremont than under Mr. Buchanan. Perhaps had he been elected President, he might have made it immortal. He certainly would have made himself immortal in the doing so.

I am glad to see your gallant little Messenger so true to justice and liberty. It deserves what indeed I dare hardly promise it, a circulation as wide, at least, as the commerce of Cape Cod with the South. I trust you have nailed your colors to the mast. If firm and true to justice and liberty, should you go down, you do but "sink in another sea." No true word can be lost, either in the ocean or the ages.

Hyannis, July 5, 1859.

PARKER PILLSBURY.

## C. M. CLAY AT COVINGTON.

Cassius M. Clay recently delivered an address at Covington, Ky., from which we extract the following history of American Compromise, beginning with the first great blunder in the Constitution, and going down to the infamous measures of 1850.

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a Constitution formed indirectly recognizing the institution. During the early years of the Government, the incompatibility, incongruity, and impossibility of the co-existence of Slavery and Liberty had not been fully developed. But the subsequent history of the country had proved that those interested in Slavery had been eternally vigilant, never losing sight of the political and social power they derived from it, until it had grown from a suppliant to a great Power, threatening to over-spread the whole continent, and carry it back to the despotism of ancient ages. This was its present relation to the interests of the American people; and conservative men of the North, South, East and West had been driven from neutrality to taking a position upon it. The hope of Henry Lee, Franklin, Adams, Jay and Morris, when by the ordinance of '87 they dedicated all the unoccupied territory of the country to eternal freedom, that it was destined to speedy extinction, had proved a fatal illusion. It had spread in the admission of Kentucky, Tennessee, Louisiana and Missouri; and under the name of Conservatism, and the threat of the dissolution of the Union, had again and again triumphed over the labors of the South and the North, and invaded the territory set apart to be forever free. Was there any one within the sound of his voice, whether calling himself Democrat, Whig, American or Republican, who did not feel that the enlargement of any man invaded the rights and degraded the position of every other man who earned his bread with his hands?

## THE COMPROMISE.

Influenced, he knew not by what fatal spirit of compromise, in 1820 the freedom of the North and the South had at last said: "Take Missouri; give it up to this system which degrades every man who holds a plow or drives a team—which would have the capitalist own the laborer—but it must not extend to more territory north of 36.30, let that be eternally consecrated to free labor—open to the free emigrant from the North, and those from the South driven out by the terrible competition of this malign system." That compromise was considered so sacred that the conservative journals of the day, the National Intelligencer, and Niles' Register declared that when it should be overthrown, American liberty would be overthrown with it. Yet the Slave Power, which had made it, was the first to lay sacrilegious hands upon this great peace offering. When Texas, a Slave State, with the privilege of being divided into five Slave States, desired admission, it was promptly welcomed to the Union; but California, which opened to us a commerce of which any empire might be proud, because a free State, was kept waiting for a year; and then only admitted under a "compromise," including the enactment of the Fugitive Slave Law, with its odious and invidious provisions, subjecting American freemen to invasions of their rights such as no British subject could be subjected to.

## Communications.

### THE ANTI-CHRISTIAN METHODIST CHURCH.

Stephen S. Foster once made a speech to prove that the broad aisle of the Methodist Episcopal Church was the broad road to Hell, and a good judge of evidence, who listened to the speech, and—"he proved it." Who ever starts out lecturing on radical anti-slavery, will soon be able to believe the assertion true, even without so good a pleader as S. S. Foster to sum up the evidence. Certainly I meet with none others so morally blind, so devoid of conscience and hard of heart in reference to the practical Christianity of Abolitionism, as some of the distinguished members of this church. And I find from recent investigations that I have been accustomed to give it too much credit. Even in its early and better days, I find it was a slaveholding church notwithstanding the noble anti-slavery testimony of some of its early ministers. My too great credulity had led me to believe the declarations of its ministers that in the beginning it was a genuine abolition church, undefiled with the crime and guilt of tolerating slaveholding members. But it seems these ministers are no more to be relied upon than the crowd of flippant clerical falsifiers who even now-a-days tell the people that the Northern Church has had no connection with slavery since the Division in 1844.

I sat down, Mr. Editor, to give you an extract from the history of this church (also new to me, so far as the details of its enormities are concerned), showing that from the commencement it has been anti-Christian, even as now, in the hatred and persecution of the free colored man even when a member of its own communion. From "The History of all the Religious Denominations in the United States," a work published in Harrisburg, Pa., 1852, I extract the following. The writer is giving the origin and history of the African Methodist Episcopal Church.

In November 1787, the Colored people, belonging to the Methodist Society of Philadelphia, convened together in order to take into consideration the evils under which they labored, arising from the unkind treatment of their white brethren, who considered them a nuisance in the houses of worship, and even pulled them off their knees while in the act of prayer; and ordered them to the back room. From these and various other acts of unchristian conduct they considered it their duty to devise a plan in order to build a house of their own, a worship God under their own vine and fig-tree. In this undertaking they met with great opposition from an older of the Methodist Church who threatened that if they did not give up the building, he would have them expelled from the church, and make acknowledgments for having attempted such a thing, that in three months they should all be publicly expelled from the Methodist Society. Not considering themselves bound to obey that injunction, and being fully satisfied they should be treated without mercy, they met in their resignation.

"Being now excommunicated, they had to seek for friends where they could; and the Lord put it into the hearts of Dr. Benjamin Rush, Mr. R. Hanson, and other respectable citizens, to interpose for them both with advice and assistance in getting their building finished; Bishop White also aided them, and ordained one from among themselves, after the order of the Protestant Episcopal Church to be their pastor."

I might add further extracts from this history of oppression of the colored Methodists by their white brethren, which induced their separation, and finally at a later period resulted in the formation of the African Methodist Episcopal Church. The above however is sufficient to show the animosity of the church then. Then, as now, it defied the poor and joined hands with the oppressor. Thus giving abundant evidence that it was practically "anti-Christian"—"infidel"—"atheistic."

Yours,







## Miscellaneous.

THE FAIRIES ON THE BROW.  
OR,  
THE NOTHERS OF SYMPATHY.

BY MARY ANN.

"Oh dear! you will drive me distracted, child, with your slatter and din!" exclaimed Mrs. Rose, bringing down the fat iron with which she was polishing a shirt bosom, and accompanying the thump with a stamp of the foot and a frown of vexation. "There! you have made me so nervous and edgily that I hardly know what I am about, and my starched clothes will not be fit to be seen at this rate." she continued, rubbing briskly with the corner of a wet towel, over a slight soil upon the linen.

"Oh, poor Dolly! You have got her arm off, little brother, and I can never put it on again. I am so sorry—my own pretty little doll, that once wore all new and clean last Christmas. Oh, it is too bad!" and disconsolate little Emma sobbed aloud.

"I am so sorry, too, sister, if I hadn't caught my foot in the carpet, I wouldn't have fallen down and split the play-things on. See my knee! looking dog is knocked off his hump, and I cannot make him bark any more, and my head struck the corner of my black box too, and feels so badly, oh, I do wish I had fallen down!" And Frankie rubbed his bruised forehead, and gazed woefully at the dethroned tower, and maimed Dolly who maintained her rosy cheeks, bright eyes and smiling lips in spite of the amputation she had just suffered.

Mrs. Rose was tired and nervous—she had been hard at work all the morning, being one of those "Marthas" who are always "careful and troubled about many things." No matter how much help she had, she could never throw off any of her housekeeping responsibilities, but still bore her burden of care, and fretted and worried for fear everything would not be done at just the right time and in the most approved manner, till she grew to be impatient and fault-finding herself, and in her anxiety to make her home a model of neatness and comfort, often rendered these around her uncomfortable by her care worn, worried look, her hasty expressions, or her gloomy silence.

When remonstrated with upon this failing, which her husband declared to be the only one she had, she always attributed it to her unfortunate temperment, never attempting to control the fault by resolutely assuming a cheerful look and tone, and passing lightly over the petty annoyances to which she was daily subjected. Her children had become accustomed to the shadow upon her brow and were not at all alarmed at her predilection of "going distracted, flying away," &c., &c.—and they usually headed her words for a moment or two, when, seeing her busy at work, they would resume their prattle, and soon forget that "mother was nervous and edgily." So it was on this occasion, they were soon as noisy as ever and were commended in a peevish, ungainly tone to "leave the room that there might be a little peace and quiet in the house." They obeyed, but the eldest still brooded over the mother's face, and she sighed, bit her lips, and looked wearily on, disconsolate with life, dissatisfied with herself, and vainly seeking to lay the blame upon some other person, which belonged to herself. She was sure her husband did not appreciate her trials and duties—she believed the children were trying to see how much they could tease her, and that Biddy was too careless and stupid to attempt to relieve her of any of her cares. She was a poor abused woman, at least—born to plod wearily along on a rugged weary way.

"Oh dear!" she sighed, and, looking up, encountered the sympathetic gaze of her little son, quiet, gentle Jamie, who had been sitting near her all the morning, bending over the pages of a new book, more than once (though she would have blushed to confess it) exclaiming her envy by the picture of ease and enjoyment he presented, leaning back in his stuffed chair, while the soft April breeze lifted his chestnut curls, and fanned his broad white brow with their fragrant wings—A vase of violets stood in the open window, the leaves hovered around with their cheery hum, and birds warbled among the apple boughs; Jamie had nothing to do but drink in the pleasures of the Spring morning, lounge, to read at his leisure, and without understanding his lameness, he was the happiest being about the house. He had ceased to be interested in his book however, and sat gazing at the sad, anxious face of his really kind mother, and his warm heart yearned towards her. So he said, "Mother, I wish I could help you, you feel almost sick don't you?"

"I do feel badly this morning—I work too hard and get nervous and tired, and, and,—" Mrs. Rose could say no more, she bent closer and over her work, as the tears gathered in her eyes, and it required a strong effort to subdue her rising emotions.

"Cannot Biddy learn to iron, Mother?" asked Jamie, after a short pause.

"I have never put her upon such work, she knows the coarse clothes very well, but I could not trust her with my dear working and fine clothes."

"Why, Mother, I believe I could do it myself with a little teaching. Want you show me how, and let me try?" and seeing his mother heaving his little body forward, he said, "Mother, I wish I could help you, you feel almost sick don't you?"

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run and smooth over my hair before dinner," said she tripping lightly out of the room.

It was an established rule with Mrs. Rose to appear at dinner in a neat attire—and no matter how hurried and warm she was, she always contrived to slip into her chamber in season to change her dress, and bathe her heated face, in order to present a fresh, tidy appearance at the dinner table.

On this occasion, she was struck with her own countenance as she contemplated it in the mirror, while arranging her hair, and grave thoughts presented themselves for consideration, as she marked the contrast between the happy smiles and the wrinkles among which they played.

"Ah! they come too seldom!" she sighed—  
"The frowns are most at home there—and they have it all their own way—they have dug their trenches, and heaped up their embankments to harden and dry, beneath their withering influence—and when the smiles essay to smooth and soften my poor careworn brow, they find themselves awkwardly received, and feel almost like strangers, and unwelcome guests. Really, I am growing old, and all because I drive the good fairies from me—happy thoughts and glad smiles, who would fain renew my youth with the gentle touch of their magic words."

With a smile of quiet, serious happiness, Mrs. Rose returned to the sitting room, and stealing around behind her son's chair, she bent over him, and pressed a loud earnest kiss upon his high, fair brow, as she murmured:

"Jamie, you are a great comfort to me. I should have had a lonely morning but for you! Bless you my boy!"

"Thank you, mother! you look as sweet as a rose, and full ten years younger than you did two hours ago! You feel rested now, don't you?"

"Yes, I am not tired as usual, after working so long. Let us have the rest of that story now, while I put on poor Dolly's arm."

Half an hour afterwards, the family were gathered around their pleasant board. Mr. Rose had left business cares, political troubles, and all the unpleasant duties of life—at his office—and it was an unexpected pleasure to meet such an array of smiles at home—he conversed freely, related several amusing anecdotes, much to the gratification of the children and Bridget, who lingered, under the pretence of waiting further orders—and finally proposed a ride after tea, a real family tourney—and the children were nearly wild with joy over the anticipated pleasure. Emma informed her father of the accident that had befallen Miss Dolly, and said how "dear kind mamma" had repaired the injury, and "made her as good as new."

—and Frankie, encouraged by the success of one surgical operation, had laid Biddy's case before his father, and been assured a little while would reanimate his dogship again—and so the hour passed pleasantly without an allusion to the cares, duties, fatigues and labors of life.

"Is it possible," thought Mrs. Rose, "that the happiness of so many rests on the state of my mind? If my smiles induce smiles and kind, loving words, and happy thoughts, how should I strive to chase away the gloomy, disagreeable frowns, and cast the reign of the good fairies over my brow. Come smiles and let me win you over! I am resolved to cherish better, higher, happier thoughts, henceforth—to rise above the petty trials and annoyances of life—to sacrifice, if necessary, a little physical comfort and convenience in order to gain what is of far greater importance, peace of mind, heart content. Oh may I never cast a shadow over my husband by yielding up my heart to the reign of trifling cares and foolish repinings—let my face hereafter be traced with an index of such emotions as I shall delight to see reflected upon the countenances of those around me."

Thus mused Mrs. Rose, as she sat by her window gazing after her husband's retreating form, and listening to the merry shouts of her children, playing in the yard, and remembering the gentle sympathy which led to the change in her feelings, she felt her heart warm with generous impulses, and rising, she went into the kitchen to proffer her services.

"Oh, Lord save my skin, I'm just after washing the dishes, and I'll have the kitchen all neat and clean directly. Run away will you now, I can do the whole me own self."

"But you have been working over the hot stove all day, Bridget, and look tired and flushed! Let me help you, I feel rested now."

"What now, run away will you, it's kind indeed ye are, but I'm stout and strong ye know—though to tell the truth, I was feeling sore at Biddy's little when ye came in—I think it's Mother, an' Mike, an' Kathleen—an' within' the world's good things were distributed more equal like—but ye come in like a blessed angel mame—a looking so gentle and sweet, and a speaking so kind to the likes of me, that the big bunch has got out of me throat now, an' me heart is as light as a feather. And bless the bright face of ye, and make the tongue of me smooth as gentle and soft as yer own."

A happy day—how cheaply purchased! Shall not we pass many such? Let us drive the evil spirit from our hearts—the bad fairies from our brows. Let us ever be ready to offer a word of sympathy, a helping hand, and an approving smile to our fellow travelers on the journey of life. Let us not overlook ourselves with cares and "burrowed troubles," but, looking at everything upon the brightest side, let us endeavor to move so lightly beneath our burdens, as to encourage others to renewed efforts—to shed around us such a genial glow of sympathy, and love, and happiness; as we would wish to have reflected back upon us from those who bask beneath the light of our cheerful, loving smiles. Let us exercise self-control, and cut down the evil in nature which is prone to manifest itself in the discomf of those around us; and say cheerful smiles, soft words, and gentle deeds abound, dear reader, in your household, and in mine, bespeaking the reign of good fairies on the brow.

CHARLES LAMAR'S WARNING.—The waters have gone over me. But out of the black depths, could I be heard, I would cry out to all those who have not set a foot in the perilous flood. Could the youth to whom the favor of his first wine is as delicious as the opening scenes of life, or the entering upon some newly-discovered paradise, look into my desolation and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when man shall find himself going down a precipice with open eyes and a passive will—to see his destruction and have no power to stop it, and yet feel it emanating from himself; to see all goodness emptied out of him, and yet not able to forget a time when it was, oh, how sweet, to bear about the piteous spectacle of his own ruin; could he see my fevered eye feverish with last night's drinking, and feverishly looking for to-night's repetition of the folly; could he feel the body of the death out of which I cry, hourly with feeble outcry, to be delivered—it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth in all the pride of its sparkling temptations.

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## PRAIRIE FIRE AND RUM FIRE.

BY JOHN PIERCE.

The prairie fire! at midnight hour  
The traveler hears it tearing by—  
A form of terror and of power  
That walks the earth and flicks the sky.

The wild deer on his grassy bed,  
Wakes from his dream of breaking day,  
Listens and lifts his startled head,  
Sniffs the hot blast and bounds away.

Where that destroying angel goes,  
Borne on the wing of Autumn's wind,  
He leaves no grass—no prairie rose,  
But all is scorched and black behind.

But when Spring comes, a flowery belt  
Across the prairie's bosom thrown,  
Shows us that where his foot was felt,  
The angel dropped a jeweled cone.

But there's a fire along whose track  
Spring never scatters flowers to bloom;  
No summer follows—all is black  
As midnight in a hopeless tomb.

Alike upon the low and high  
Falls this strange fire; it feeds and fades  
On beauty's cheek—in wisdom's eye,  
And melts down manhood in its blaze.

And Youth and Age—the power is such—  
Blooms and fruit alike are burned;  
And every virtue by its touch  
Is shriveled and to ashes turned.

Quench, Holy Father, by Thy power—  
By love and law, with spirit and will,  
With stream and fountain, flood and shower—  
In merry quench this fire of Hell!

## GOLD IN OHIO.

The following from the pen of Henry Reed should be printed in letters of gold:

Several of our exchanges announce the fact that gold has been discovered in the various counties of Ohio, but none as yet in sufficient quantities to pay for the working. The precious metal does exist, however, in every hill and valley of the Buckeye State. It lies dormant in every acre of land, and abounds in every rivulet and stream. Land under the broad canopy of heaven is more prolific of the precious treasure. You broad expanse of waving corn, nodding a grateful recognition to the breeze and humming a vernal melody with its myriad graceful leaves, is a gold mine—richer, far richer than ninety-nine one hundredths of adventures find in the mountain cauldrons of a distant land. Every tree in your forest—their stately arms stretching towards the sky, and sturdy trunks weathering each blast that blows—is a lead of gold, needing only the skill and labor of the yeoman to fashion it into coin. Your rolling river, bearing on its surface countless cargoes freighted with untold wealth, rushing from its birth amid the snows of the Alleghanies to the shores of the orange and the sugar cane—that, too, is a mine, compared with which a thousand Australasias would sink into insignificance.

It is time, then, that this following in the hue and cry of "gold in California," "gold in Australia," "gold at Pike's Peak," had ceased, and that the citizens of Ohio should delve successfully at home for that which so many seek in vain abroad. One half the energy, one-half the enterprise, and one-half the ambition which have characterized the enterprises of those who are now languishing in arid wastes, many of them without the means of subsistence from day to day, would have placed them far beyond the reach of want, at home. If the thousands of famished men and women who are now rushing pell-mell in return from Pike's Peak, almost fighting for food and raiment, had only directed a little of their enterprise in a proper channel, they might each and all be settled in a comfortable home, and surrounded at least with the necessities, if not the luxuries of life. Try it, ye men of iron wills and willing hands, who would seek for wealth abroad, pull off your coats, roll up your sleeves, seize the first implement of labor within your reach, and with it carve a fortune in your native land.

## THE HOG LAW IN OHIO.

According to the law of the State of Ohio, every man who lets his hog run in the public highway, is obliged to either put rings in their noses, or otherwise disable them, so as to make it impossible for them to root. Now, how many of the inhabitants of the State, do you suppose, live in accordance with this law? According to what I have seen, I should judge about the fiftieth part. In order to give you some idea of how much this law affects the people in this part of the State, I will tell you what I have seen. In traveling twenty-five miles, through the counties of Holmes and Coshocton, I counted one hundred and fifty hogs with nose-rings cut out; making an average of six hogs to the mile. If these six hogs go to work, in one month they could root up every inch of green ground in the mile; which, by destroying the grass, thereby supplying the adjoining fields with weeds, requiring more labor to keep them out, than it would take to ring the hogs half a dozen times; and what is more, in wet weather it is almost impossible for a footman to find a clean place to walk. What is the use of having a law, if it is not obeyed? If a man should steal five dollars or so from another, he would be immediately arrested, and punished in some way or other. But if his hogs get into his neighbor's field, and do the five dollars' damage to his meadow or grain, they are probably dug out, some corning and swearing done, the fence fixed, and nothing more said or thought of. I should like to know what difference it makes, whether he steals or lets his hogs steal? Two men can ring at least fifteen hogs in one hour, and very few farmers keep more than fifteen or twenty. So one hour's work might save one or two days' labor; for fifteen hogs could do more damage in one hour, in a cornfield, than one man could restore in one day. There is hardly a person in the country who is not troubled more or less by hogs getting into their fields or gardens, and destroying vegetables, grain or grass, and their own hogs at that. If they would only take a few moments' time to put rings in their noses, then if they did get into the fields they could do no damage. Why will not the farmers see what is to their benefit and practice it? Why was the law made, if it was not thought to be a benefit to the community? How many laws have we in Ohio of which no more notice is taken than the hog law? I know of three or four. One—the most important one, too—is the liquor law.—M. E. C. in Ohio Farmer.

## CHURCH ORGANIZATIONS.

The following is an extract from a sermon by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, and it is rather liberal for a clergyman.

"There is another class of Christians who put the evidence of religion in being in the true church, and conforming to ordinances and church duties. In this class are included three or four denominations representing very different beliefs. Any church that takes an external observance, and lifts it into the place of the experience of the heart puts itself into this category. One of the denominations belonging to this class say that no man is a Christian who is not in agreement with the Holy Mother Church, which has Peter for its prototype, and endless Popes as successors of its Peter. I would not hurt the feelings of any devoted Roman Catholic for the world; but such is the evidence of religion according to the Romish church. Not that they disown love, for they do not. There is no reason why a man in the Roman Catholic Church should not be saved. There is enough in the teachings of this church to make any man who belongs to it inexpressible if he is not a Christian. At the same time, the test of religion with the Roman Catholics consists in belonging to the church, and in a certain conformity to ecclesiastical usage.

"When you come to what are called the High-Church Episcopalians, who closely resemble the Roman Catholics, you find that they take the same ground—that a man, to be a Christian, must belong to what they consider to be the true church and observe its ordinances. They hold that if a man has been baptized into this church, and lives in obedience to its outward requirements, he has evidence of Christianity, and has the promise of salvation resting upon him. I would not hurt the feelings of any that believe this to be the right test of religion, though I think they are mistaken. There is enough truth in the teachings of the Episcopal Church, to make any man who belongs to it inexpressible if he is not a Christian. But that portion of this church of which I am now speaking holds the communion of the Lord's Supper, and baptism, are indispensable to one's being in unity with Christ. So firmly do they hold to this view, that if you ask them, 'Suppose a man thinks he is a Christian, but refuses to be baptized, refuses to join the church, and refuses to partake of the Lord's Supper, but yet lives so that every one who sees him is impressed that he is a good man—that he is kind, benevolent, and unselfish—is he a Christian?' the only reply that you can get out of them is this—'All things are possible with God, but we are not at liberty to say that any man is a Christian who does not conform to the ordinances of the church.'

"Now I do not hesitate to say that a man is a Christian, and shall be saved, although he never was baptized, although he never touched the Lord's Supper, and although his name was never enrolled on the list of any church, if he yet loves the Lord his God and his fellow men, and by his life evidences the reality of that love; for the evidence of piety is not in any outward form, but in the inward experience. It is the working of the inward experience in daily life that makes you Christians—that makes you like Christ, who is your Pattern.

## THE TWO VILLAGES.

Over the river on the hill,  
Lies a village white and still;  
All around it the forest trees  
Shiver and whisper in the breeze;  
Over it sailing shadows go  
Of soaring hawk and screaming crow,  
And mountain grasses, low and sweet,  
Grow in the middle of every street.

Over the river, under the hill,  
Another village lies still;  
There I see in the cloudy night  
Twinkling stars of household light,  
Pines that gleam from the smoky's door,  
Mists that curl on the river shore;  
And in the roads no grasses grow,  
For the wheels that hasten to and fro.

In that village on the hill,  
Never is sound of smithy or mill;  
The houses are thrashed with grass and flowers,  
Never a clock to tell the hours;  
The marble doors are always shut,  
You cannot enter in hall or hut;  
All the village lies asleep;  
Never a grain to sow or reap.  
Never in dreams to moon or sigh,  
Silent, and idle, and low they lie.

In that village under the hill,  
When the night is starry and still,  
Many a weary soul in prayer  
Looks to the other village there,  
Up to that home from this below;  
Lungs to sleep by the forest wild,  
Whither have vanished wife and child,  
And hearth, praying, the answer fall—  
'Patience! that village shall hold ye all!'

A WONDERFUL CURE.—Dr. Hill, a notorious wit, physician, and man of letters, having quarrelled with the members of the Royal Society of London, who had refused to admit him as an associate, resolved to avenge himself upon them in a novel manner. He addressed to their secretary a letter purporting to be written by a country surgeon, and reciting the particulars of a cure which he had effected. "A sailor," he wrote, "broke his leg, and applied to me for help. I bound together the broken portions, and washed them with the celebrated tar-water. Almost immediately the sailor felt the beneficial effects of this remedy, and it was not long before his leg was healed!" This cure was published abroad at the very time that Bishop Berkeley had issued his work on the marvellous virtues of tar-water, and excited consequently great attention. The letter was read and discussed at the meetings of the Royal Society, and caused considerable difference of opinion. Papers were written for and against tar-water and the restored leg, when a second letter arrived from the (presumed) country practitioner: "My last I omitted to mention that the broken limb of the sailor was a wooden leg!"

Lord Byron made a comparison of diverse languages with music. "The Russian tongue," said he, "was like a kettle-drum; the German like a bass-viol; French as a wedding-bell; the Italian like an Italian harp; the English only being the human voice." On the contrary, Helius gives the following. He says: take a word into the mouth, turn it around therein, and spit it out, that's English!

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